



AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

THOMAS GREGG, EDITOR.

'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.'

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SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

THE MAGDALEN.

From the Diary of a Physician.

Despised daughter of frailty! Outcast of outcasts! Poor wayward lamb, torn by the foulest wolf of the forest! My tears shall fall on your memory, as often as they did over the wretched recital of sin and shame which I listened to on your deserted death-bed! Oh! that they could have fallen on you early enough to wash away the first stain of guilt; that they could have trickled down upon your heart in time to soften it once more into virtue! Ill-fated victim, towards whom the softest heart of tenderness that throbs in your sex beats, not with sympathy, but with scorn and anger! My heart yearned for thee, when none else knew of thee, or cared for thy fate! Yes—and above all, (devoutly be the hope expressed!) the voice of heaven whispered in thine aching ear, peace and forgiveness; so that death was but as the dark seal of thy pardon, registered in the courts of Eternal Mercy!

Many as are the scenes of guilt and misery sketched in this Diary, I know not that I have approached any with feelings of such profound and unmixed sorrow as that which it is my painful lot now to lay before the public.—Reader, if your tears start, if your heart ache as you go on with the gloomy narrative—pause, that those tears may swell into a stream, that that heart may well nigh break, to think how common, how every-day is the story!

Look round you, upon the garden of humanity; see where the lilies, lovely and white as snow in their virgin purity, are blooming—see—see how many of them suddenly fade, wither, fall! Go nearer, and behold an adder lying coiled around their stems! Think of this—and then be yourself, young man, or hold THAT ADDER, if you can!

About nine o'clock, on a miserable Sunday evening, in October, 18—, we were sitting quietly at home around our brisk fire, listening, in occasional intervals of silence, to the rain, which, as it had during the whole of the day, still came down heavily, accompanied with the dreary whistling of the wind. The

gloom without served but to enhance by contrast the cheerfulness—the sense of snugness within. I was watching my good wife discharge her regular Sunday evening duty of catechising the children, and pleasing myself with the promptitude and accuracy of my youngest child's replies, when the servant brought me up word that I was wanted below. I went down stairs immediately. In the hall, just beneath the lamp, sate the ungainly figure of a short, fat, bloated old Jewess.

"This here lady wishes to see you, sir," said she, rising with a somewhat tipsy tone and air, and handing to me a small dirty slip of paper, on which was written, "Miss Edwards, No. 11, — court, — street, (3d floor.)" The hand-writing of the paper, hasty as was the glance I gave it, struck me. It was small and elegant; but evidently the production of a weak or unsteady hand.

"Pray what is the matter with this lady?" I inquired.

"Matter, sir! Matter enough, I warrant me! The young woman's not to live, as I reckon. She's worn out—that's all!" she replied, with a freedom amounting to rudeness, which at once gave me an inkling of her real character.

"Do you think it absolutely necessary for me to call on her to-night?" I inquired, not much liking the sort of place I was likely to be led to.

"She does, I fancy, poor thing—and she really looks very ill!"

"Is it any sudden illness?"

"No, sir—it's been coming on this long time—ever since she came to live with me. My daughter and I think 'tis a decline."

"Couldn't you take her to a dispensary?" said I, doubtingly.

"May'be—you'll be paid for your visit, I suppose. Isn't that enough?" said the woman, with an impudent air.

"Well, well—I'll follow you in a minute or two," said I, opening the street door, for there was something in the woman's appearance that I hated to have in my house.

"I say, sir," she called out in an under tone, as I was somewhat unceremoniously shutting the door upon her—"You musn't be put out of your way, mind, if any of my girls should be about. They're noisy devils, to be

sure—but they wont meddle!"—The closing of the door prevented my hearing the conclusion of the sentence. I stood for a few moments irresolute. My duty, however, so far seemed clear, and all minor considerations, I thought, should give way; so I equipped myself quickly, and set out on my walk, which was unpleasant as wind, rain, and darkness could make it.

I do not see why I should mince matters by hesitating to state that the house in which I found myself, after about ten minutes' walk, was one of ill-fame—and that too, apparently, of the lowest and vilest description. The street which led to — court was narrow, ill-lighted, and noisy—swarming with persons and places of infamous character. I was almost alarmed for my personal safety as I passed them; and, on entering the court, trembled for a valuable repeater I had about me. At that moment, too, I happened to recollect having read, some time before, in a police report, an account of a method of entrapping unwary persons, very similar in circumstances to those in which I found myself at that moment. A medical man was suddenly summoned to see—he was told—a dying patient; but on reaching the residence of the supposed invalid, he was set upon unexpectedly by thieves, robbed of every thing he had about him, and turned into the street severely, if not dangerously beaten. A pleasant reminiscence! Concealing, however, my watch as well as I could, and buttoning my great coat up to the chin, I resolved to persevere, trusting to the protection of Providence. The life of a fellow-creature might really be at stake; and, besides, I was no stranger to scenes of misery and destitution among the lowest orders. — Court was a nest of hornets. The dull light of a single lamp in the middle of it shewed me the slatternly half-dressed figures of young women, clustering about the open door of every house in the court, and laughing loudly as they occasionally shouted to one another across the court. All this was sickly and ill-omened enough, but I resolved not even yet to give up. No 11, I found, was the last house in the court; and just as I was going to inquire of a filthy creature squatting on the door steps, she called out to some one within,

"Mother, Mother! here's the Doctor come to see Sal!"

Her "mother," the wretch who had called upon me, presently sauntered to the door with a candle in her hand. She seemed to have been disturbed at drinking; and, a little to my alarm, I heard the gruff voice of a man in the room she had just quitted.

"Please to follow me, sir! This way, sir. The young woman is up stairs."

The moment that the bedroom door was opened, another emotion than that of apprehension occupied my mind. The apartment was little, if at all, superior to that which I have described in a former paper, as the residence of an Irish family, "the O'Hurdles." It was much smaller, and infinitely filthier. A candle, that seemed never to have been snuffed, stood on the chimney-piece, beside one or two filthy cups and jugs, shedding a dull, dismal sort of twilight over a chair or two, a small rickety chest of drawers, an old hair trunk with the lid broken in, a small circular table, on which was a phial and a tea-cup; and along the further end of the room, a wretched pallet, all tossed and disordered. There was a tolerable fire burning in a very small grate, and the inclemency of the weather seemed completely excluded by a little window, two-thirds of whose panes were, however, stuffed with rags, paper, &c. I felt disposed, immediately on entering, to remove one of them, for there was a horrid closeness in the room.

"Well, there she is in the bed, poor devil, ill enough, I'll answer for't," said the old woman, panting with the effort of ascending the stairs. Reaching down the candle from the chimney-piece, she snuffed it with her fingers, and set it upon the table; and then, after stirring up the fire, she took up the candle she had brought, and withdrew, saying, as she went out, "Miss Edwards said she'd rather see you alone, so I'm off, you know. If you want any thing, I dare say you call for it; some of the girls will be sure to hear you."

I was happy to be relieved of her presence! When the door had closed upon her, I drew one of the chairs to the bedside, together with the table and candle, which shewed me the figure of a female lying on her back amidst the disordered clothes, her black hair stretched dishevelled over the pillow, and her face completely concealed beneath both hands.

"Well, madam, are you in much pain?" I inquired, gently trying, at the same time, to disengage her right hand, that I might both feel her pulse and see her countenance. I did not succeed, however, for her hands were clasped over her face with some little force; and, as I made the effort I have mentioned, a faint sob burst from her.

"Come, come, madam," I continued, in as gentle a tone as I could, renewing the effort to dislodge her hand, "I'm afraid you are in much pain! Don't, however, prevent my doing what little may be in my power to relieve you!" Still her hands moved not. "I'm Doctor — ; you yourself sent for

me. What is ailing you? You need not hide your face from me in this strange way!—Come!"

"There then!—Do you know me?" she exclaimed, in a faint shriek, at the same time starting up suddenly in bed, and removing her hands from her face, which—her hair pressed away on each side by her hands—was turned towards me with an anguished, affrighted stare, her features white and wasted. The suddenness and singularity of the action sufficiently startled me. She continued in the same attitude and expression of countenance, (the latter most vividly recalling to my mind that of Mrs. Siddons, celebrated in pictures, in the most agitating crisis of her *Lady Macbeth*,) breathing in short quick gasps, and with her eyes fixed wildly upon me. If the look did not petrify me, as the fabled head of Medusa, it shocked, or rather horrified me beyond all expression, as I gazed at it; for—could my eyes see aright?—I gradually recognized the face as one known to me. The cold thrill that passed through me—the sickening sensations I then experienced, creep over me now that I am writing.

"Why—am I right?—ELEANOR?" I exclaimed faintly, my hands elevated with consternation, at the same time almost doubting the evidence of my senses. She made me no reply, but shook her head with frantic violence for a few moments, and then sunk exhausted on the pillow. I would have spoken to her—I would have touched her; but the shock of what I had just seen had momentarily unnerved me. I did not recover my self-possession till I found that she had fainted. Oh, mercy, mercy! what a wreck of beauty was I gazing on! Could it be possible? Was this pallid, worn-out, death-struck creature, lying in such a den of pollution—was this the gay and beautiful girl I had once known as the star of the place where she had resided—whom my wife knew—whom, in short, we had both known, and that familiarly? The truth flashed in a moment over my shuddering, reluctant soul. I must be gazing on the spoil of the seducer! I looked with horror, not to say loathing, on her lifeless features, till I began to doubt whether, after all, they could really be those I took them to be. But her extraordinary conduct—there could be no mistake when I thought of that. With the aid of a vinaigrette, which I always carried about with me, and dashing a little cold water in her face, she gradually revived. The moment her slowly-opening eyes fell upon me, she closed them again, turned aside her head with a convulsive start, and covered her face as before with her hands.

"Come, come, Miss B——" a stifled groan burst from her lips on hearing me mention her real name, and she shook her head with agony unutterable, "you *must* be calm, or I can do nothing for you. There's nothing to alarm you, surely, in me! I am come at your request, and wish to be of service to you. Tell me at once, now, where do you feel pain?"

"Here!" replied the wretched girl, placing her left hand with convulsive energy upon

her heart. Oh, the tone of her voice! I would to Heaven—I would to Heaven, that the blackest seducer on earth could have been present to hear her utter that *one word*!

"Have you any pain in the other side?" I inquired, looking away from her to conceal my emotion, and trying to count her pulses. She nodded in the affirmative.

"Do you spit much blood during the day? Any blood, Miss B——?"

"Miss B——!" she echoed, with a smile of mingled despair and grief: "call me rather *Devil*! Don't mock me with kind words! Don't, Doctor! No, not a word—a single word—a word," she continued, with increasing wildness of tone and air. "See—I'm prepared! I'm beforehand! I expected something like this!—Don't—don't dare me! Look!" She suddenly thrust her right hand under the bed-clothes, and, to my horror, drew from under them a table-knife, which she shook before me with the air of a maniac. I wrenched it out of her hand with little difficulty.

"Well, then—so—so," she gasped, clutching at her throat with both her hands. I rose up from my chair, telling her in a stern tone that, if she persisted in such wild antics, I should leave her at once; that my time was valuable, and the hour besides growing late.

"Go—go, then! Desert one whom the world has already deserted! Yes, go—go away—I deserve no better—and yet—I did not expect it!" exclaimed the miserable girl, bursting into a flood of bitter, but relieving tears. Finding that what I had said had produced its desired effect, I resumed my seat. There was a silence of several moments.

"I—I suppose you are shocked—to—see me here—but you've heard it all"—said she faintly.

"Oh! we'll talk about that by and by; I must first see about your health. I am afraid you are *very* ill! haven't you been long so? Why did you not send for me earlier? Rely upon it, you need not have sent twice!"

Oh—can you ask me, Doctor? I dared not! I wish—oh, how I wish I had not sent for you *now*! The sight of you has driven me nearly mad! You must see that it has—but you did not mean it! Oh!—oh!—oh!" she groaned, apparently half choked—"what I feel *here*!" pressing both her hands upon her heart, "what a *hell*!" quivering forth the last word with an intonation that was fearful.

"Once more—I entreat of you to check your feelings, otherwise it is absurd for me to be here. What good can I possibly do, if you rave in this manner?" said I sternly. She made no reply, but suddenly coughed violently; then started up in the bed, felt about in haste for her handkerchief, raised it to her lips, and drew it away marked with blood.

I proceeded to bleed her immediately, having obtained what was necessary—with great difficulty, without summoning any one for the present into the room. I bled her till she fainted. A few minutes before she became insensible—while the death-like hue and expression of fainting were stealing over her fea-

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tures, she exclaimed, although almost inaudibly, "Am I dying?"

When I had taken the requisite quantity of blood, I bound up the arm as well as I could, took out my pencil, hastily wrote a prescription on a slip of paper, and called for such assistance as might be within reach. A young woman of odious appearance answered my summons by bursting noisily into the room.

Pity for the miserable victim I had in charge, joined with disgust and horror at the persons about me and the place in which I was, kept me silent—till the woman just alluded to made her appearance with the medicine I had ordered, and which I instantly poured into a cup and gave my patient. "Is the young woman much worse, sir?" she inquired in an under tone, and with something like concern of manner.

To be continued.

BIOGRAPHY.

Chief Justice Marshall.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

The Chief Justice of the United States is in his person, tall, meager, emaciated; his muscles relaxed, and his joints so loosely connected, as not only to disqualify him, apparently, for any vigorous exertions of body, but to destroy every thing like elegance and harmony in his air and movements. Indeed, in his whole appearance and demeanor—dress, attitude and gestures—sitting, standing, or walking—he is as far removed from the idolized graces of Lord Chesterfield, as any other gentleman on earth. To continue the portrait; his head and face are small in proportion to his height; his complexion swarthy; the muscles of his face being relaxed, give him the appearance of a man of eighty years of age, nor can he be much younger. His countenance has a faithful expression of great good humor and hilarity; while his black eyes—the unerring index—possess an irradiating spirit, which proclaims the imperial powers of the mind that sits enthroned within.

This extraordinary man, without the aid of fancy, without the advantages of person, voice, attitude, gesture, or any of the ornaments of an orator, deserves to be considered as one of the most eloquent men in the world; if eloquence may be said to consist in the power of seizing the attention with irresistible force, and never permitting it to elude the grasp until the hearer has received the conviction which the speaker intends.

As to his person, it has already been described. His voice is dry and hard, his attitude, in his most effective orations, was often extremely awkward, as it was not unusual for him to stand with his left foot in advance, while all his gestures proceeded from his right arm, and consisted merely in a vehement perpendicular swing of it from about the elevation of his head to the bar, behind which he was accustomed to stand.

As to Fancy, if she held a seat in his mind at all, which I very much doubt, his gigantic Genius tramples with disdain on all her flower-decked plats and blooming parterres. How,

then, you will ask, with a look of incredulous curiosity—how is it possible that such a man can hold the attention of an audience enchained through a speech of even ordinary length? I will tell you.

He possesses one original and almost supernatural faculty, of developing the subject by a single glance of his mind, and detecting at once the very point on which every controversy depends. No matter what the question, though ten times more knotty than the "gnarled oak," the lightning of Heaven is not more rapid nor more resistless than his astonishing penetration. Nor does the exercise of it seem to cost him an effort. On the contrary, it is as easy as vision. I am persuaded that his eyes do not fly over a landscape, and take in its various objects with more promptitude and facility, than his mind embraces and analyzes the most complex subject.

Possessing, while at the bar, this intellectual elevation, which enabled him to look down and comprehend the whole ground at once, he determined immediately, and without difficulty, on which side the question might be most advantageously approached and assailed. In a bad cause, his art consisted in laying his premises so remotely from the point directly in debate, or else in terms so general and specious, that the hearer, seeing no consequence which could be drawn from them, was just as willing to admit them as not; but his premises once admitted, the demonstration, however distant, followed as certainly, as cogently, and as inevitably, as any demonstration of Euclid.

All his eloquence consists in the apparently deep self-conviction and emphatic earnestness of his manner; the correspondent simplicity and energy of his style; the close and logical connexion of his thoughts; and the easy gradations by which he opens his lights on the attentive minds of his hearers.

MISCELLANY.

THE ANT EATER.

There are several animals distinguished by the common name of Ant-eaters, which differ much in form. They are, however, all distinguished by one characteristic; which is, that as they feed wholly on insects, they have no teeth. The tongue is the only instrument with which they seize their food, and it is long, wormlike, and covered with a glutinous moisture. From the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, the great Ant-eater is sometimes eight or nine feet in length. It is covered with very coarse and shaggy hair. Its motions are slow, but it swims well.

This creature is a native of Brazil and Guiana, and it lives wholly on ants, woodlice, and wild bees. These it collects by thrusting its tongue into their holes, and, having penetrated every part of the nest, withdraws it into its mouth loaded with prey. Its legs are so strong, that few animals can extricate themselves from its gripe. It is said to be formidable even to the panthers of America; and sometimes fixes itself upon them in such

a manner, that both of them fall and perish together: for its obstinacy is so great, that it will not relinquish its hold of an adversary even after it is dead. It may, however, be tamed. The flesh has a strong disagreeable taste, but is eaten by the Indians.

A recent number of the Salem Register says, that M. Buffett, a distinguished French Naturalist, has arrived at that port, with a rare and valuable collection of birds and quadrupeds. He has spent several years in travelling through the states of South America, particularly Brazil, and in his researches has discovered much to add to the cabinet of the Naturalist. Among the quadrupeds on board the *Clio*, is a female Ant-Bear or *Ant-Eater*. This animal is seldom, if ever, seen in this country, and we believe this is the second one that has lived to reach here. It is about seven feet in length and two high, and is perfectly harmless, although it has strength sufficient to master a tiger. When she lies down to repose, her tail serves as a shield from the weather, it being large enough to cover the whole body: when viewed in this situation, she resembles a straw mat spread upon the ground. Its food consists entirely of eggs. M. Buffett has the carcass of the young, which died on the passage, preserved in spirits, which is a great curiosity.

POPULATION OF CITIES

In the United States and Territories.

New York City,	213,470
Philadelphia, Pa.	161,412
Baltimore, Md.	89,625
Boston, Mass.	61,391
New Orleans, La.	46,309
Charleston, S. C.	30,280
Cincinnati, Ohio.	24,830
Washington, D. C.	18,827
Providence, R. I.	16,832
Richmond, Va.	16,060
Portland, Maine,	12,601
Newark, N. J.	10,053
Louisville, Ky.	10,352
New Haven, Conn.	10,180
Portsmouth, N. H.	8,052
Savannah, Ga.	7,303
Wilmington, Del.	6,623
St. Louis, Missouri,	5,852
Nashville, Tenn.	5,566
Newbern, N. C.	3,776
Burlington, Vt.	3,526
Mobile, Ala.	3,194
Pensacola, Florida,	3,010
Natchez, Mississippi,	2,790
Vandalia, Illinois,	2,378
Detroit, Michigan,	2,222
Vincennes, Indiana,	1,801
Arkansas, Arkansas Territory,	803

Jared Sparks, Esq. of Boston, has been six years engaged in writing "The life of Washington."—It is now in the Press of Messrs. Hilliard, Gray, and Co. of Boston. Two volumes will be printed by autumn. The whole number of Volumes will be from eight to twelve—price \$2 50 a volume in boards. It is entitled, 'The writings of George Washington,' with Historical notes and Illustrations, and a Life of the Author by Jared Sparks.

THE TRAVELLER.

Description of Venice.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

We stepped into the gondola to-night as the shadow of the moon began to be perceptible, with orders to Giuseppe to take us where he would. *Abroad in a summer's moonlight in Venice*, is a line that might never be written but as the scenes of a play. You cannot miss pleasure. If it were only the tracking silently and swiftly the bosom of the broader canals, lying asleep like streets of molten silver between the marble palaces, or shooting into the dark shadows of the narrower, with the black spirit-like gondolas gliding past, or lying in the shelter of a low and not unoccupied balcony; or did you but loiter on in search of music, lying unperceived beneath the windows of a palace, and listening half-asleep to the guitar and the song of the invisible player within; this, with the strange beauty of every building about you, and the loveliness of the magic lights and shadows, were enough to make a night of pleasure, even were no charm of personal adventure to be added to the enumeration.

We glided along under the Rialto, talking of Belvidera, and Othello, and Shylock, and entering a cross canal, cut the arched shadow of the bridge of sighs, hanging like a cobweb in the air, and shot in a moment forth to the full, ample, moonlit bosom of the Gindecca. This is the canal that makes the harbor and washes the stairs of San Marc. The Lindo lay off at a mile's distance across the water, and, with the moon riding over it, the bay between as still as the sky above, and brighter, it looked like a long cloud pencilled like a landscape in the heavens. To the right lay the Armenian Island, which lord Byron visited so often, to study with the fathers at the convent; and, a little nearer, the island of the Insane—spite of its misery, asleep, with a most heavenly calmness, on the sea. You remember the touching story of the crazed girl, who was sent here with a broken heart, described as putting her hand through the grating at the dash of every passing gondola, with her unvarying and affecting "*Venite per me? Venite per me?*"

At a corner of the harbor, some three quarters of a mile from San Marc, lies an island once occupied by a convent. Napoleon raised the buildings, and connecting it with the town by a new, handsome street and a bridge, laid out the ground as a public garden. We debarked at the stairs, passed an hour in strolling through shaded walks, filled with the gay Venetians, who came to enjoy here what they find no where else, the smell of grass and green leaves. There is a pavilion upon an artificial hill in the centre, where the best lemonades and ices of Venice are to be found; and it was surrounded to-night by merry groups, amusing themselves with all the heart-cheering gaiety of this delighted people. The very sight of them is an antidote to sadness.

In returning to San Marc a large gondola crossed us, filled with ladies and gentlemen,

and followed by another with a band of music. This is a common mode of making a party on the canals, and a more agreeable one never was imagined. We ordered the gondolier to follow at a certain distance, and spent an hour or two just keeping within the softened sound of the instruments. How romantic are the veriest every day occurrences of this enchanted city.

We have strolled to-day through most of the narrow streets between the Rialto and the San Marc. They are, more properly alleys.—You wind through them at sharp angles, turning constantly, from the interruption of the canals, and crossing the small bridges at every twenty yards. They are dark and cool; and, no hoof, of any description ever passing through them, the marble flags are always smooth and clean; and with the singular silence, only broken by the shuffling of the feet, they are pleasant places to loiter in at noon-day, when the canals are sunny.

We spent a half hour on the Rialto. This is the only bridge across the grand canal, and connects the two main parts of the city. It is, as you see by the engravings, a noble span of a single arch, built of pure white marble. You pass it ascending the arch by a long flight of steps to the apex, and descending again to the opposite side. It is very broad, the centre forming a street, with shops on each side, with the alleys outside these, next the parapet, usually occupied by idlers or merchants, probably very much as in the time of Shylock. Here are exposed the cases of shell-work and jewelry for which Venice is famous. The variety and cheapness of these articles are surprising. The Rialto has always been to me, as it is probably to most others, quite the core of romantic locality. I stopped on the upper stair of the arch, and passed my hand across my eyes to recall my idea of it, and realize that I was there. One is disappointed, spite of all the common sense in the world not to meet Shylock and Antonio and Pierre.

"Shylock and the Moor

And Pierre cannot be swept and worn away."

says Childe Harold; and that, indeed, is the feeling every where in these romantic countries. You cannot separate them from the characters with which poetry or history once peopled them.

At sunset we mounted into the tower of San Marc, to get a general view of the city.—The gold-dust atmosphere, so common in Italy at this hour, was all over the broad lagunes and the far stretching city; and she lay beneath us, in the midst of a sea of light, an island far out into the ocean, crowned with towers and churches, and heaped up with all the splendor of architecture. The Friuli mountains rose in the north with the deep blue dyes of distance, breaking up the else level horizon; the shore of Italy lay like a low line-cloud in the west; the spot where the Brenta empties into the sea glowing in the blaze of the sunset. About us lay the smaller islands, the suburbs of the sea-city, and all among them, and up and down the Gindecca, and away off in the logunes were sprinkled the thousand gondolas, meeting and crossing in one con-

tinued and silent panorama. The Lindo, with its long wall hemmed in the bay, and beyond this lay the wide Adriatic. The floor of San Marc's vast square was beneath, dotted over its many colored marbles with promenaders, its *cafes* swarmed by the sitters outside, and its long arcades thronged. One of my pleasantest hours in Venice was passed here.

Choice Extracts.

From Salathiel.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

The fall of our illustrious and unhappy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of Roman policy; and, to the last hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and lamented our frantic determination to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility to which that of man was as a grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shapes and voices in the air; visions starting us from our short and troubled sleep; lunacy in its most hideous forms, sudden death in the midst of vigor, the fury of the elements let loose upon our unsheltered heads, we had every terror and evil that could beset human nature, but pestilence, the most probable of all in a city crowded with famishing, the deceased, and wounded, and the dead. But though the streets were covered with the unburied; though every wall and trench was teeming; though six hundred thousand corpses lay hung over the rampart, and naked to the sun—pestilence came not, for if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But 'the abomination of desolation,' the Pagan standard was fixed, where it was to remain until the plough passed over the ruins of Jerusalem!

On this night, this fated night, no man laid his head upon his pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned above us; the ground shook under our feet; the volcano blazed; the wind burst forth in irresistible whirlwinds far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were swelled by a new deluge.—The lakes and rivers roared and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out ten fold fire. Showers of blood fell. Thunder pealed from every quarter of the heavens. Lightning in immense sheets of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and soul, returned from zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forests on flame, and the shattered summits of the hills.

Defence was unthought of; for the mortal enemy had passed from his mind. Our hearts quaked for fear; but it was to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and spear, and crouched before the descending judgment. We were conscience smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish, and horror, we heard through the uproar of the storm.—We howled to the caverns to hide us; we plun-

ged into the sepulchres to escape the wrath that consumed the living; we could have buried ourselves under the mountains.

I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause; and knew the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man among them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came around me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety; if such were now to be found on earth. I told them openly that they were to die; and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the temple. They followed; and I led them through the streets encumbered with every shape of human suffering, to the foot of mount Moriah. But beyond that, we found advance impossible. Piles of cloud, whose darkness was palpable, even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Impatient, and not to be daunted at any thing that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened hand; and attempted to lead the way up the ascent. But I had scarcely entered the cloud when I was swept downward by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower around me. "Now came the most and last wonderful sight, that marked the fate of rejected Israel."

While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill, and the vapors began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on the edges; and the clouds rose rapidly, shaping themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distant, yet strangely sweet. Still the lustre brightened, and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement. In awe that held us mute, we knelt and gazed upon this more than mortal architecture that continued rising and spreading with serener light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moon beam was dim. At last it stood forth to earth and heaven, the colossal image of the first temple of the building raised by the wisest men, and consecrated by the visible glory. All Jerusalem saw the image, and the shout that in the midst of their despair ascended from its thousands, told what proud remembrances were there. But a hymn was heard that might have hushed the world beside. Never fell on my ear, never on the human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing; so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur and command: The vast portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man has never seen before, such as man shall never see but once again; the guardian angels of the city of David! They came forth glorious, but woe in all their steps; the stars upon their helmets dim: their robes stained; tears flowing down their celestial beauty. "Let us go hence," was their song of sorrow. "Let us go hence," was answered by echoes from the mountains. "Let us go hence," swelled upon the night to the farthest limits of the land. The procession lingered long upon the summit of the hill. The thunder pealed, and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. Their chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, when their splendor was diminished to the brightness of

a star. The thunder roared again; the cloudy temple was scattered on the wind, and darkness, the omen of the grave, settled upon Jerusalem!

GENIUS AND TALENT.

THE following nice distinctions between Genius and Talent, are made by a Washington Correspondent of the Portland Daily Advertiser, in an article contrasting the characters of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

"Thus I have contrasted these two distinguished individuals in some, not very important particulars. The distinctions will be best understood, when it is remarked, that Mr. Webster is cautious, cool, and is the better scholar; and that Mr. Clay is warm, incautious, and has not received a good classical education, though some of his state papers are as admirable as any in our language.

If I could impress my idea upon the reader, I would call one a *man of genius*, and the other a *man of talents*. This, however, gives but a faint impression of the distinction I would draw. *Genius* is enthusiasm, in which Mr. Clay is infused. *Talent* is judgment, never arising from enthusiasm, with which Mr. Webster is endowed. *Genius* engages in an object with its whole heart and soul—and this is a characteristic of Mr. Clay. *Talent* is earnest, persevering, onward in its undertakings, but not over confident and rash—and this is a characteristic of Mr. Webster. *Genius* is imaginative, self-confident, daring—and these are characteristics of Mr. Clay. *Talent* reckons, calculates, computes, and doubts—and these are characteristics of Mr. Webster. *Genius* leaps by instinct, as it were, to a correct conclusion. *Talent* arrives there by argument and deduction. Thus, Mr. Clay is ever a ready man, and his best speeches are made at the moment. Mr. Webster thinks less rapidly, and forms step by step his conclusions. *Genius* is at times sportive, playful, amusing. *Talent* is commonly sedate, stern, thoughtful. *Genius* will gambol with the kid, or grapple with the lion. *Talent*, at best, sports but awkwardly. *Genius* is instinct, impulse, passion. *Talent* is coolness, firmness, collectedness. *Genius* is at times errative, wayward, imprudent. *Talent* is straightforward, direct, prudent. *Talent* counts consequences, and looks ahead: *Genius* seldom does, but darts bravely onward. *Genius* takes empire over the head and heart and the feelings. *Talent* aims for the reason and the judgment. *Talent* never does a rash thing: *Genius* often does. *Talent* is praiseworthy, admired, honored. *Genius* is adored, worshipped, idolized. *Talent* takes its votaries in leading-strings, and persuades them along. *Genius* impels, hurries, inspires them onward. *Genius* is alternately desponding and enthusiastic: *Talent* is neither. *Genius* invents: *Talent* discovers. *Genius* creates, projects, designs. *Talent* combines, arranges, contracts, performs. Bonaparte was a man of wonderful *genius*: Wellington is a man of extraordinary *talents*. *Genius* is

good at every thing, ambitious for every thing, audacious in every thing. *Talent* has less scope, less power, a lesser grasp. *Genius* can live without study, and yet dazzle. *Talent must* study, in order to shine. *Genius* is the diamond, polished and eased. *Talent* is the carbon in the ore. *Genius*, like the sun, has light of its own. *Talent*, like the moon, must borrow from another. *Genius* is the fire and flame of itself. *Talent must* have the flint and the steel to strike out the spark. If Jupiter could divide his prerogative, *genius* would be his lightning, and *talent* his thunder. *Genius* is splendid: *Talent* is great. Thus *Genius* makes the splendid man, and *Talent* the great man.—Cæsar had *genius*: Cicero had *talents*. Thus Cæsar was as apt in the field as in the forum, and Cicero's for a range, was within one orbit, but that of a starry one. Homer had *genius*: Virgil had *talents*—for Homer created, and Virgil stole from him. Byron had *genius*: Southey has *talents*. Bulwer has *genius*: Cooper has *talents*. *Genius* is the characteristic of the French: *Talent* of the English. The one revolutionizes with the sword and the musket, and the other at the polls and the hustings. The one engages in war, in poetry, in mathematics, and the dance, with equal fervor; and the other carefully distinguishes the little from the great."

NAPOLEONIDE.—If the letters forming *reto* be struck out of the words *Revolution Francaise*, the remaining letters will constitute a very singular coincidence, for they will form, with proper ingenuity of location, the words "*Un corse la finira.*" The names of the male crowned heads of the extinct Napoleon dynasty, also form a remarkable acrostic.

N-apoleon —Emperor of the French.
I-oseph —King of Spain.
H-ieronimus, King of Westphalia.
I-oachim —King of Naples.
L-ouis —King of Holland.

And a dissection of the compound Greek word "Napoleon," gives the following singular result:

Napoleon — The Lion of the Wood.
a-oleon — The Destroyer
p-oleon — of Cities:
o-oleon — The desolating
l-oleon — Lion
e-oleon — now existent. MDCCCXIII.

THE OAK OF ALLOUVILLE, in Normandy, known there as the Chene Chapelle, was, above a century and a quarter since, converted into a place of worship: its trunk was at that time hollow, and its head in part decayed. This living cavern was then paved and roofed, and divided by a floor into two apartments. The lower was fitted up by the Abbe du Detroit as a chapel, and the upper as a dwelling for the officiating priest.

Some men get on in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterruptedly through a crowd.

We fully adopt the sentiments contained in the following article, on "Eastern and Western Periodicals," from the Cincinnati Mirror, and we earnestly recommend them to the impartial consideration of all our readers; and more particularly to that portion of them who have been led to believe that by patronizing Eastern periodicals, they obtain more useful information, and that at a cheaper rate, than they can obtain through those published at the West.

EASTERN & WESTERN PERIODICALS

We are not about entering upon a comparison of the general merits of these publications. Most comparisons are odious; and one in this case might be particularly so. We merely intend, in as brief a manner as possible, to invite attention to the very great *prejudice* which exists through the entire West, *against Western periodicals*.

That such prejudice does exist, is beyond dispute. Any one may satisfy himself of the fact, so far as this city and vicinity are concerned, (and it is the same every where,) who will take the trouble to be present at the opening of the eastern mails. Packet after packet, of eastern dailies, weeklies, semi-monthlies, and monthlies, is opened, and distributed to persons here. There could be no reasonable objection to this state of things, did it tend to the dissemination of any useful intelligence, which could not be obtained as cheaply and easily at home. Such, however, is not the fact; for the intelligence may be obtained through the medium of the western papers, about as cheap, nearly as early, and much more certainly and easily. It may be said, that the eastern papers are larger, and consequently contain more reading matter than the western papers. Such, in the main, is the fact; but the loss on this account, is more than made up by the generality of the western papers; for they usually contain more matter that is interesting and valuable to the citizens of the west, than the eastern papers do. It may be contended, likewise, that there is more talent enlisted for the eastern than for the western papers. In some cases, this also is true; but generally it is very far from being the fact. Many of those eastern works which draw so largely upon the west for their support, instead of displaying more ability, or more originality than is to be found in the western papers, exhibit a sickly sentimentality, and melancholy dearth of intellect, together with a great penchant for small things—such as stale jests, 'rebusses,' 'enigmas,' 'charades,' 'puzzles,' and twenty-year-old anecdotes. The only talent they display, which may not be found in western publications, is that of *puffing themselves* and enlisting others in the same laudable and modest employment. And here we discover the grand secret of their success. Perceiving the good-naturedness of western community, and their easy credulity in this respect, they no sooner receive a few favorable notices of their works, from some friendly or good-natured editors, than they publish them to the world in their

own sheets,—never forgetting to introduce them as being "taken from among a *great number* equally complimentary."

We dislike to single out individuals, for animadversion; but the importance of our subject demands that we should do it. There are two "family papers" published in Philadelphia, viz: the "Evening Post," and the "Saturday Courier." There is one "family paper" published in this city, viz: the "Cincinnati Chronicle." Now, there is not a doubt in our mind, that if any intelligent person would take a number of copies of each of these papers, say a file of three successive months, and attentively and impartially examine them, the decision he would render would be, that the "Chronicle," as a "family paper," was any thing but inferior to the others,—and that, as it frequently contained matters of local or sectional interest, which were not usually to be found in eastern papers, and which they could not be expected to publish, it was vastly better entitled to the patronage of the *western community*. Yet either of the above named periodicals has twice, or probably even thrice as many subscribers *west of the mountains alone*, as the Chronicle or any other western paper has *altogether*. How can this be accounted for, otherwise than on the score of *prejudice*? Indeed there appears to be a kind of infatuation upon this subject, abroad in this western land, engendered by the system of *self-puffing* adopted by most of the eastern publishers, and kept alive by the same means.

To ascend a little in the line of periodicals, let us look at the "Western Monthly Magazine." And first we must be permitted to remark, that the western papers themselves are their own bad enemies, and contribute not a little to the state of things upon which we are animadverting. Where do we see more than an occasional notice of the *Western Magazine* in a western paper? Indeed, many populous towns, whose citizens would be glad to give their mite of support to what they were led to believe a *good western Magazine*, are hardly aware of the existence of such a work amongst them: Whereas, we see notice after notice, and advertisement after advertisement, of eastern periodicals, in almost every paper printed in the western country. Their "*striking characteristics*," (which by the way, it would be quite impossible to find without some such assistance,) are pointed out, and commented upon; their "*splendid embellishments*," heaven save the mark! are eulogized; their monthly *puff slips* are copied; and the "*exquisite taste* in which the whole is got up," is sure to "entitle Messrs. *Puff, Tickle-me, & Co.* publishers of the "*Lady's Intellectual Toy-Shop*," and *Modesty Plaster-myself, Esq.*, publisher of the unrivalled "*Casket of Sentiment, Shreds, and Patches*," to a very large slice from the big loaf of public patronage." The "literary enterprise of these gentlemen," is sure to be deserving of the highest praise; and the American people are positively "much indebted to them, for their patriotic exertions to elevate the character of American literature."

The above is a fair specimen of the manner in which the eastern periodicals are noticed by western editors. Now, we would respectfully ask, do our friends of the western press act a right part, when they thus exert their influence in favor of eastern periodicals, while their co-laborers in the vigorous but almost wholly uncultivated and neglected field of western literature, are struggling along, generally with but little profit, and often with loss? Do they not know, that the western periodicals, only want a handsome patronage, to make them, where they are not already so, superior to a majority of the publications they greatly laud? Do they not know, that by most of the conductors of western periodicals, efforts are made to give their publications something of a *western character*, so as to make them more immediately worthy of the support of the *western community*? Do they not know, that the western country is already deluged with eastern papers, and that go where one will to solicit patronage for a western periodical, the remark is constantly made, *I take this paper from the east, or that magazine, or some other publication, and cannot afford to take another*? If our neighbor editors do not know all these things, a little reflection, and impartial examination, will convince them of their truth.

In conclusion, we ask pardon of our readers, for occupying so much room with this subject. It is one to which the generality of publishers in the West, are *feelingly* alive.—We would certainly have no objections to our eastern cotemporaries' seeking patronage in this section of the Union, did they use *modest* means, and had the charity to suppose that such a thing as a good paper, or a good magazine, *can be published in the West*. But when we see their agents overrunning our own Paradise, and behold them fattening upon the figs and grapes that of right belong to us, we cannot help raising our voices, to ask, *if this should be so*? Particularly when they resort to a system of *self-puffing*, which backwood's bluntness and honesty despise.—What western publisher thinks of seeking at the East, a patronage for his publications?—What western publisher prints extras, and laudatory slips, and sends them on to the East, for gratuitous insertion in the eastern papers? What western publisher prints boasting Prospectuses, headed "the largest paper in the United States," or "the cheapest work ever published," and despatches solicitors to the East, to run into every village, and peep into every nook and corner, to gull the unwary, and impose on the liberal and good-natured?

The truth is, none of these things are done by western publishers. They adapt their publications, as much as possible, to the section of country in which their lots are cast; and in this section, and in it alone, do they seek for patronage. And it is wrong that their wares should be crowded out of the market, by those whose ideas of modesty permit them to resort to means, which they despise.

To Correspondents.—W. A. cannot be inserted. Several other articles are under consideration.

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The 'Lines to an Aged Sycamore,' as they occupy the first place in the collection, may be supposed to stand first in the author's own estimation.—The following are extracts.

How long, old monarch of the western wood;
In native grandeur, hast thou nobly stood?
Tell, if thou canst, how oft thy silvery arms
Have caught the zephyr, and embrac'd the storms.
Oft have the gales of autumn rudely pass'd,
And chilly winter's desolating blast:
Full many a golden beam the sun hath shed,
And vernal honours crown'd thy reverend head.

Ere false refinement, with its sickly train,
Of hateful form, and modes and trappings vain,
Usurp'd dominion o'er the yielding mind;
On the green turf simplicity reclin'd;
The sighing swain, beneath thy ample shade,
Breath'd vows of constancy to listening maid;
And hither roam'd the sprightly, laughing throng,
Nor fear'd the venom of the slanderous tongue.

'The Last of the Troubadours' we think quite as good poetry as any in the collection. We take the liberty of copying it entire.

STRANGER old, thou hast a lyre,
Hast thou aught of poet's fire?
Wilt thou sweep the tuneful string?
Soft and heavenly numbers sing?
Canst thou in melodious measure,
Rolling from the sacred Nine,
Soothe the care-worn soul to pleasure—
Melt in sympathy divine?

No—the song I dare not wake,
Lest my heart with sorrow break,
Useless roams the Troubadour,
Music charms the world no more,
Must I, like the slave, endeavour,
Where the minstrel has no friend,
Cold neglect to please—O never,
Sooner to the grave descend.

Once I shone in halls of State;
Chieftains brave, and monarchs great,
Princes, nobles, valiant knight,
High-born dames, and beauties bright,
Heroes from the field of glory,
Courtiers, vassals, old and young,
Felt the wizzard power of story—
Glowed with rapture while I sung.

Days of chivalry are o'er,
Friendless, houseless Troubadour,
Oft in vain has touch'd the lyre,
Nought avails poetic fire—
O ye soul-inspiring powers,
Free my spirit from your spell;
Wrathful fortune darkly lowers,
Music—genius—fare you well.

Sad and mute I wander on,
Till the race of life be run;
Silent drop into the grave;
Give to earth the dust it gave:
By my side the lyre shall slumber,
Where the strings no hand may sweep,
Nor awake the tuneful number,
Shrouded in eternal sleep.

The 'Ode for the 22d of February' contains well merited eulogium on

'The deathless deeds of WASHINGTON,
'That sound through every clime!'

But the Poet has chosen a much hackneyed theme.

On the whole, we think that our author has not toiled in vain, up the steep and rugged ascent of Parnassus' hill. And we are happy to perceive, from his 'Adieu,' that he has no notion of giving it up in despair; but that he has resolved to

'muse and rhyme,
And cleave to Poesy, through weal and woe.'
May success attend him!

THE SHRINE.

The third number, for April, 1833, has been received. But why are its visits so few and far between? The present No. is the first that we have seen since January. The following are its

CONTENTS.

Italian Literature—A Chapter on Angling—A Fragment—A Scene on the Bahama Banks—Evening Sketches and Readings—The Minutiae of Witticism—Roland Vander—Art of Condensing—Natural History—Silkworms—Holidays—Spring—Desultory Reflections—Horæ Otiosæ:—POETRY—The Maniac's Fate—Ontarwa—Morning Thoughts—Lines on Slavery—To the Memory of Miss J. E. Vail—A Roundelay—The Misanthrope.

We extract a couple of paragraphs from the article on 'Silkworms,' which, as they contain a short history of the culture of Silk in various parts of the world, may be interesting to our readers.

EXTRACTS.

If we may rely upon the records of the Chinese, the Silkworm was reared by them as early as 2700 B. C.;—at any rate, we have positive proof that the value of this insect had been known among them long before the Christian era. But it was not until 552 A. D. that the culture of silk was introduced among Europeans. The extreme vigilance of the Chinese in securing a monopoly of the trade in silk was at length eluded by the shrewdness and perseverance of two monks, who conveyed a quantity of eggs in a hollow cane to the Emperor Justinian, at Constantinople. Under his patronage, and with the knowledge acquired by the monks in China, the eggs were hatched, the worms fed on mulberry leaves, properly attended, and the manufacture of silk established. For a period of 600 years, however, it was wholly confined within the limits of the Grecian Empire. In the twelfth century, Roger I., of Sicily, at the conclusion of a successful war upon Greece, led into captivity a number of silk-weavers, whom he compelled to settle at Palermo. Twenty years afterwards, the silks of Sicily were said to have attained a decided excellence. The business was gradually extended throughout Italy, and, after successive intervals, into Spain, France, and England. Yet little attention was paid to it, until the reign of Henry IV., of France. This monarch exerted himself with much success in the encouragement of the culture, by conferring degrees of nobility upon those, who pursued the business to the greatest advantage. By this example, James I., of England, was induced to make a similar effort,

which, in the result, was a failure. Among other countries, which have since directed their attention to this branch of industry, Bengal is worthy of notice. It contains four establishments, each of which employs 8,000 or 10,000 people.

But our own country deserves particular attention. Soon after the settlement of Virginia James I. attempted to introduce the culture into that colony. Mulberry trees and the eggs of silkworms were sent over by him. The Earl of Southampton was especially directed to urge the cultivation of silk in preference to the narcotic so offensive to his sovereign. The Colonial Assembly gave their assistance, and, as the result, the business prospered so greatly, that, in the year 1666, it no longer required protection from the government. One gentleman alone had seventy thousand mulberry trees on his estate. But the planters found the cultivation of tobacco a source of greater profit. One might now imagine that the baneful weed, with its rank effluvia, had blasted the mulberries, and poisoned the silkworms of Virginia. A similar attempt was made in Georgia with so great success, that for some years previous to the Revolution, the annual produce amounted to ten thousand pounds of silk. But at length it yielded to the more profitable productions of rice and cotton. South Carolina made a feeble effort, but soon found herself unable to compete with foreign countries in this culture. About the year 1770, an effort was made in Pennsylvania to introduce this branch of industry. We cannot learn that any important results succeeded. Ten years previous, a Mr. Aspinwall undertook to introduce the culture of silk into the colony of Connecticut. The attempt was more successful in its results than any other which has been made in this country. At the present time, silk is the staple article of produce in the counties of Windham and Tolland, and the town of Mansfield. In these places, it has, to a great extent, taken the place of coin as a circulating medium. But while the agricultural branch of the business has prospered exceedingly, the manufacture has been peculiarly deficient. At its first introduction, no attention was directed to the machines suitable to be employed in the manufacture of the raw material, which has always been made into sewing silk on common spinning wheels. In consequence of this fundamental error, the district remains poor in the midst of wealth. Were the cocoons to be sold without any attempt at manufacture, the sales would amount to not less than \$50,000. At present not more than \$15,000 or \$18,000 are realized.

POETRY.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

By the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes."

Strong climber of the mountain's side,
 Though thou the vale disdain,
 Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
 The wonders of the lane.
 High o'er the rushy springs of Don
 The stormy gloom is rolled;
 The moorland hath not yet put on
 His purple, green, and gold.
 But here the titling spreads his wing,
 Where dewy daisies gleam;
 And here the sunflower of the spring
 Burns bright in morning's beam.
 To mountain winds the furnished fox
 Complains that Sol is slow,
 O'er headlong steps and gushing rocks
 His royal robe to throw,
 But here the lizard seeks the sun,
 Here coils, in light, the snake;
 And here the fire-tuft hath begun
 Its beauteous nest to make.
 Oh! then, while hums the earliest bee
 Where verdure fires the plain,
 Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
 The glories of the lane!
 For, Oh! I love these banks of rock,
 This roof of sky and tree,
 These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
 And wakes the earliest bee!
 As spirits from eternal day,
 Look down on earth, secure,
 Look here, and wonder, and survey
 A world in miniature;
 A world not scorned by Him who made
 Even weakness, by his might;
 But solemn in his depth of shade,
 And splendid in his light.
 Light!—not alone on clouds afar,
 O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
 Or widely teaching sun and star.
 Thy glorious thoughts are read;
 Oh, to! thou art a wondrous book,
 To sky, and sea, and land—
 A page on which the angels look,
 Which insects understand!
 And here, O light! minutely fair,
 Divinely plain and clear,
 Like splinters of a crystal hair,
 Thy bright small hand is here!
 Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
 Is Huron, girt with wood;
 This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
 And that, Niagara's flood.
 What tidings from the Andes brings
 Yon line of liquid light,
 That down from heaven in madness flings
 The blind foam of its might?
 Do I not hear his thunder roll—
 The roar that ne'er is still?
 'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
 It roars and ever will.
 What forests tall of tiniest moss
 Clothe every little stone!
 What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
 O'er pigmy valleys lone!
 With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
 Ambitious of the sky,
 They feather o'er the steepest edge

Of mountains mushroom-high.
 Oh, God of marvels! who can tell
 What myriad living things
 On these grey stones unseen may dwell?
 What nations, with their kings?
 I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
 While fate, perchance, o'erwhelms
 Empires on this subverted stone—
 A hundred ruined realms!
 Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
 Impelled by woe or whim,
 May crawl, some atom's cliffs to see—
 A tiny world to him!
 Lo! while he pauses, and admires
 The works of nature's might,
 Spurned by my foot, his world expires,
 And all to him is night!
 Oh, God of terrors! what are we?
 Poor insects sparked with thought!
 Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
 Could smite us into nought!
 But should'st thou wreck our father-land,
 And mix it with the deep,
 Safe in the hollow of thy hand
 Thy little ones will sleep.

THE STORMY PETREL.

BY B. CORNWALL.

A thousand miles from land are we,
 Tossing about on the roaring sea,
 From billow to bounding billow cast,
 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
 The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds,
 The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds,
 The mighty cables, and iron chains,
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
 They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
 Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down! up and down!
 From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
 And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
 The Stormy Petrel finds a home,—
 A home, if such a place may be,
 For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
 On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
 And only seeketh her rocky lair
 To warm her young, and to teach them spring
 At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep! O'er the deep!
 Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-
 fish sleep,
 Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
 The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
 For the mariner curseth the warning bird
 Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
 Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
 Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
 Yet he ne'er falters:—So, Petrel! spring
 Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

WEeping.

Oh! if your tears are given to care,
 If real woe disturbs your peace,
 Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
 And I will bid your weeping cease.
 But with Fancy's visioned fears,
 With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;
 You look so lovely in your tears,
 That I must bid you drop them still!

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